VOL. I.] LITERARY TABLET. [No. V.

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HINDU PHILOSOPHER.

DEARLY BELOVED EL HASSAN,

THE *Poetry* of a country is among the laſt ſubjects, which a traveller is able to inveſtigate.

A perfect knowledge of the language, not only in its radical powers, but in all its delicate beauties, and nameleſs varieties of ſignification, and a compleie acquaintance with the geography, hiſtory, literature, employment and genius of the nation, are indiſpenſably neceſſary to one, who would fully underſtand and highly reliſh the Poetry of the country which he viſits.

The literature of Great-Britain and Engliſh America, is enjoyed in common by both countries. Both have the ſame language; and ſo great a ſimilarity exiſts between their laws, inſtitutions, ſtate of ſociety, and national purſuits, that the literary productions of the one nation are perfectly underſtood and reliſhed by the other.

But as Engliſh America was planted by Great-Britain, the latter is advanced far beyond the former in every department of literature.

Were I to attempt a complete account of Engliſh literature, embracing the learning of both countries, I ſhould indeed enter a moſt extenſive field.

Even Engliſh Poetry alone would afford a very copious ſource of entertainment; for the Engliſh poets are very numerous, and ſome of their productions would not ſuffer by a compariſon with thoſe of any age or country.

The names of *Milton*, *Dryden*, *Shakeſpear* and *Pope* will be revered, ſo long as their productions ſurvive the ravages of time.

But at preſent, I intend to confine my remarks principally to the ſtate of poetry in America.

Two centuries ago, Engliſh America was peopled by a ſavage race of men, intirely deſtitute of learning, arts and laws. Within two hundred years, it has been populated by emigrants from various European countries, but principally from Great-Britain.

In that ſhort period, they have increaſed to more than 5,000,000; have built numberleſs cities, towns and villages; reduced to cultivation a country of immenſe extent; eſtabliſhed a commerce with every part of the globe, and accumulated wealth, and advanced in the arts, to a degree, which no human mind could have foreſeen.

Nor has their literature been entirely neglected. Very reſpectable proofs of American erudition and talents in many departments of ſcience can be produced.

But thou knoweſt, beloved El Haſſan, that we muſt not look for great efforts in ſcience, and high attainments in arts in a young country. Such efforts, and ſuch attainments, are exhibited only in a mature ſtate of ſociety, where great wealth and undivided leiſure afford the means of purſuing, and cheriſh a diſpoſition to reliſh the moſt refined ſpeculations of ſcience, and the moſt elegant productions of taſte.

We might therefore have reaſonably ſuppoſed, what I have found to be the fact, that the literature of this country is ſtill in its infancy. In ſome future epiſtle I may ſuggeſt farther remarks upon American literature; but I will now return from this excurſion to the conſideration of the ſtate of *poetry* in Engliſh America.

The poetical productions of this country are not numerous; thoſe I mean which are of conſiderable length, and are calculated to endure to future generations.

Among the principal are the Conqueſt of Canaan, an epic poem, by Dwight; the Viſion of Columbus, by Barlow; and M'Fingal, a burleſque epic poem, by Trumbull.

The Conqueſt of Canaan, was written while the author was very young. It riſes in many inſtances to high ſublimity, and not a few paſſages might be ſelected of peculiar poetical beauty and refined tenderneſs. It is remarkable that no paſſage can be pointed out, which would give offence to the ſtricteſt morality; and its love ſcenes are diſtinguiſhed by a freedom from every degree of licentiouſneſs. But the poem labors under a diſadvantage from its being written in rhyme. This evidently ſubjects the poet to much reſtraint. His mind appears to have been ardent and vigorous, and his imagination ſublime; but his conceptions are cramped by his poetical fetters, and not unfrequently labor in conſequence of the poverty of language.

His rhyme alſo, from the length of the poem, produces an uniformity, which is ſometimes unpleaſant.—I will not enter into a minute criticiſm upon this Poem, but content myſelf with producing a ſingle paſſage, which will give ſome idea of the author's manner of writing.—He is deſcribing the precurſors of the final diſſolution of the world.

"Mid theſe dire ſcenes, more awful ſcenes ſhall riſe,
Sad nations quake, and trembling ſeize the ſkies,
From the dark tomb ſhall fearful lights aſcend;
And ſullen ſounds the ſleeping manſion rend;
Pale ghoſts with terror break the dreamer's charm,
And death-like cries the liſtening world alarm.
Then midnight pangs ſhall toſs the cleaving plains;
Fell famine wanton o'er unburied trains;
From crumbling mountains baleful flames aſpire
Realms ſink in floods, and towns diſſolve in fire;
In every blaſt the ſpotted plague be driven,
And angry meteors blaze athwart the heaven.
Clouds of dark blood ſhall blot the ſun's broad light,
Spread round th' immenſe, and ſhroud the world in night.
With pale and dreadful ray the cold moon gleam;
The dim lone ſtars diffuſe an anguiſh'd beam;
Storms rock the ſkies; afflicted ocean roar,
And ſanguine billows die the ſhuddering ſhore."&c

The author of the Conqueſt of Canaan, has written ſeveral other poems. I could with pleaſure copy many parts of them, which in my view are highly excellent; but the limits of this epiſtle will not permit me to extract very copiouſly.—Take the following beautiful introduction to "GREENFIELD HILL," as a ſpecimen of the author's talents in blank verſe.

"From Southern iſles, on winds of gentleſt wing,
Sprinkled with morning dew, and rob'd in green,
Life in her eye, and muſic in her voice;
Lo, Spring returns, and wakes the world to joy!
Forth creep the ſmiling herbs; expand the flowers,
New-looſ'd, and buſtling from their icy bonds,
The ſtreams freſh warble, and thro' every mead
Convey reviving verdure; every bough,
Full blown and lovely, teems with ſweets & ſongs,
And hills and plains, and paſtures feel the prime."

A ſhort poem, called Columbia, by the ſame author, poſſeſſes great merit; alſo, a ſatirical piece in verſe, laſhing the critics, who, as the poet conceived, had treated his works too ſeverely. Another ſatirical poem, the *Triumph of Infidelity*, is uniformly aſcribed to the ſame writer, though never acknowledged by him, in which, under fictitious names, he chaſtiſes ſeveral great perſonages, diſtinguiſhed by their impiety and their vices.

This author has publiſhed more poetry than any other American, (except, perhaps FRENAU, a poet remarkable only for the quantity of verſe which he has written), and although his countrymen are now divided in ſentiment, as to the degree of fame, to which he is entitled, it is probable that poſterity will judge of his works with that impartiality, which is frequently denied to a living author, but exerciſed towards him when he is ſleeping in the duſt, and is equally deaf to the praiſes of his friends and the reproaches of his enemies.

The Viſion of Columbus flows in eaſy verſe, generally correct and poliſhed, but ſometimes mutilating the ſentiment for the ſake of the rhyme.

Although Barlow does not exhibit the ſtrength and ſublimity of Dwight, he certainly poſſeſſes very handſome poetical talents. His taſte is elegant, and never leads him into bombaſt or frigidity. If his poetry does not riſe ſo high, it never ſinks ſo low as that of ſome good writers.

The following is ſelected from the deſcription of a ſtorm on the high mountains called the Andes:—

"While, far beneath, the ſky-borne waters ride,
O'er the dark deep, and up the mountain's ſide;
The lightening's glancing wings, in fury curl'd
Bend their long forky terrors o'er the world;
Torrents, and broken crags, and floods of rain
From ſteep to ſteep roll down their force amain,
In dreadful cataracts; the craſhing ſound
Fills the wide heavens, and rocks the mouldering ground.
The blaſts, unburden'd, take their upward courſe
And, o'er the mountain's top, reſume their force;
Swift thro the long white ridges from the north,
The rapid whirlwinds lead their terrors forth;
High rolls the ſtorm, the circling ſurges riſe,
And wild gyrations wheel the hovering ſkies:
Vaſt hills of ſnow, in ſweeping columns driven
Deluge the air, and cloud the face of heaven;
Floods burſt their chains, the rocks forget their place,
And the firm mountain trembles to its baſe."

Barlow has publiſhed ſeveral ſmaller poems.—His "Conſpiracy of Kings" is energetic and glowing, but inſtead of riſing to that dignity, which its title promiſes, it burſts forth into enthuſiaſtic aſpirations after viſionary liberty, and expires in philoſophical raptures of univerſal benevolence, and mad execrations upon crowned heads.

As the writer, who has reſided in France for ſeveral years paſt, has become a diſciple of the new philoſophy, and abjured the religion, of which he was once a prieſt, perhaps ſome degree of the odium, which is heaped upon his character, is attached by his countrymen to poetical productions.

It is therefore probable that, at ſome future period, his merits, as a poet, will be more juſtly appreciated, than at preſent.

[*To be continued.*]

From EDGEWORTH'S *Practical Education.*

WE ſhould at leaſt treat children with the ſame degree of wiſe lenity, which the Engliſh law extends to all who have arrived at years of diſcretion. No criminal is bound to accuſe himſelf. If any miſchief has been committed, we ſhould never, when we are uncertain by whom it has been done, either directly accuſe, or betray injurious ſuſpicions. We ſhould neither ſay to the child I believe you have done this, nor I believe you have not done this; we ſhould ſay nothing; the miſchief is done, we cannot repair it: becauſe a glaſs is broken, we need not ſpoil a child; we may put glaſſes out of his reach in future. If it ſhould, however, happen that a child voluntarily comes to us with a hiſtory of an accident, may no love of goods or chattels, of windows, of china, or even of looking-glaſſes, come in competition with our love of truth. An angry word, an angry look, may intimidate the child, who has ſummoned all his little courage to make this confeſſion. It is not requiſite that parents ſhould pretend to be pleaſed and gratified with the deſtruction of their furniture; but they may, it is to be hoped, without diſſimulation, ſhew that they ſet more value upon the integrity of their children, than upon a looking-glaſs, and they will "keep their temper ſtill though china fall."

Would you encourage benevolence, generoſity, or prudence, let each have its appropriate reward of affection, eſteem, and confidence; but do not by ill-judged bounties attempt to force theſe virtues into premature diſplay. The rewards which are uſually given to benevolence and generoſity in children frequently encourage ſelfiſhneſs, and

ſometimes teach them cunning. Lord Kaimes tells us a ſtory, which is preciſely a caſe in point. Two boys, the ſons of the Earl of Elgin, were permitted by their father to aſſociate with the poor boys in the neighbourhood. One day the Earl's ſons being called to dinner, a lad who was playing with them, ſaid that he would wait till they returned: "There is no dinner for me at home," ſaid the poor boy. 'Come with us then,' ſaid the Earl's ſons. The boy refuſed; and when they aſked him if he had any money to get a dinner, he anſwered, "No."—"Papa," ſaid the eldeſt of the young gentlemen when he got home, "what was the price of the ſilver buckles you gave me?" 'Five ſhillings.'—"Let me have the money and I will give you the buckles." It was done accordingly, ſays Lord Kaimes. The Earl, inquiring privately, found that the money was given to the lad who had no dinner. The buckles were returned, and the boy was highly commended for being kind to his companion. The commendations were juſt, but the buckles ſhould not have been returned: the boy ſhould have been ſuffered readily to abide by his own bargain; he ſhould have been let feel the pleaſure, and pay the exact price of his own generoſity. If we attempt to teach children that they can be generous, without giving up ſome of their own pleaſures for the ſake of other people, we attempt to teach them what is falſe. If we once make them amends for any ſacrifice they have made, we lead them to expect the ſame commiſeration upon a future occaſion; and then in fact, they act with a direct view to their own intereſt, and govern themſelves by the calculations of prudence, inſtead of following the dictates of benevolence.

In rewarding children for their prudential virtues, ſuch as order, cleanlineſs, economy, temperance, &c. we ſhould endeavor to make the rewards the immediate conſequence of the virtues themſelves, and at the ſame time approbation ſhould be ſhewn in ſpeaking of theſe uſeful qualities. A gradation muſt however always be obſerved in our praiſes of different virtues; thoſe that are the moſt uſeful to ſociety, as truth, juſtice, and humanity, muſt ſtand the higheſt in the ſcale; thoſe that are moſt agreeable claim the next place. Thoſe good qualities, which muſt wait a conſiderable time for their reward, ſuch as perſeverance, prudence, &c. we muſt not expect early from young people. Till they have had experience, how can they form an idea about the future? Till they have been punctually rewarded for their induſtry, or for their prudence, they do not feel the value of prudence and perſeverance. Time is neceſſary to all theſe leſſons, and thoſe who leave time out in their calculations, will always be diſappointed in whatever plan of education they may purſue.

CHARACTER OF A MODERN INFIDEL.

HE is an ideot; a man who voluntarily ſhuts his eyes againſt evidence and truth: A man who, under pretence that all cannot be explained to him, determines to deny what can: A man, who cannot digeſt the difficulties of religion, but can digeſt thoſe of ſcepticiſm: A man, who cannot conceive how the world ſhould owe its exiſtence to a Supreme Being, but can eaſily conceive how it was formed by chance. [*Beauties of Saurin.*

CHARACTER OF THE BELIEVER.

HE is a wiſe man: a child of wiſdom; who acknowledgeth the imperfection of his nature: A man who, knowing by experience the inferiority and uncertainty of his own conjectures, applies to revelation: A man who, diſtruſting his own reaſon, yields it up to the direction of an infallible being; and is, in this ſenſe, enabled in ſome ſenſe to ſee with the eyes of God himſelf. *ib.*

AN EXTRACT.

THE countenance and manners of ſome very faſhionable perſons, may be compared to the inſcriptions on their monuments, which ſpeak nothing but good of what is within; but he who knows any thing of the world, or of the human heart, will no more truſt to the countenance than he will depend on the epitaph.

MEMOIRS OF LORD LITTLETON, THE YOUNGER.

Aged ears played truant at his tales,
So ſweet and voluble was his diſcourſe.

IT is an embarraſſing taſk to delineate the political character of this young nobleman, who, during his brief continuance on the public ſtage, might be ſaid, in the phraſe of Shakeſpeare, to have changed ſhapes with Proteus, for advantages.—Groping our way without any light to guide us, we cannot better expreſs our judgment, than by having recourſe to a line of the well known Richard Savage, of illegitimate and poetical memory, in a poem, celebrating the advantages ariſing from being born *without a father*:

"*He ſhines eccentric, like a comet's blaze.*"

If this convey too vague and indefinite an idea of his political principles, we preſume it may be further illuſtrated by the following ſhort detail of his conduct in parliament. In the ſame ſeſſion, and on the great American queſtion, he voted with the court, and againſt it. When lord Chatham attacked the Quebec bill, he warmly defended it; and, when the ſame nobleman moved the recal of the Britiſh troops from Boſton, in 1775, he was ſeconded by Lyttleton.

As a public ſpeaker, the talents of his lordſhip have been juſtly appreciated. His oratory was of the declamatory kind, but, at the ſame time, ſo enriched with general and particular knowledge, by an acquaintance with the greateſt Athenian and Roman orators, ſtrengthened by ſound obſervation, quickneſs of parts, and a ſubtle, penetrating genius, as to have removed it far above the level of political harrangues.

The tenor of ſeveral of his *early* ſpeeches with the energy and animation, which accompanied them, were better calculated, than any we have heard, to call forth the ſpirit, and rouſe the indignation of his country. His language was flowing, well choſen, correct; his obſervations pointed, and directed with judgment; his delivery generally graceful and animated; never cold, flat, or uncouth. He could reaſon well, and in detail; but logic was not his *forte*. Nature, habit, and inclination, invited him to aſſail his auditors, through the medium of their paſſions; conſequently, he affected the bold, the inflammatory, and pathetic, rather than the argumentative ſtyle. In debate, he was ever judicious, ſeldom deviating, and never loſing ſight of the queſtion; and, when he did, he always returned in time, to the main road, and puſhed forward with redoubled force and augmented vigour. In ſhort, there was in many of his ſpeeches a fervour of expreſſion, a ſtrength of colouring, a grace, and a paſſionate delicacy, not to be found in thoſe of any other, in either houſe of parliament.

On the other hand, his Lordſhip was too eager for renown, and graſped too greedily at perfection. He over ſtudied the graces of attitude and elocution; hence he would ſometimes neglect matter, for form and for ſound. In conformity to the advice of the great maſter of his profeſſion, action was his firſt, ſecond, and third part of eloquence. He would have been a more dignified orator, had he, in his manner and voice, diſplayed leſs of his Quintillian and Garrick, and more of Camden and Germaine. His voice, from phyſical cauſes, was at beſt middling and weak, and he injured it by a pedantic and theatrical affectation of introducing into it a variety which nature hath denied. Like all mere orators, he never wanted facts to ſupport arguments, nor by conſequence, arguments from which he might draw deductions favourable to his cauſe. On the whole this nobleman, though juvenile, diſſipated, and ill in health, was the moſt able ſpeaker on the part of adminiſtration, Lord Mansfield excepted.

THE MARCHIONESS DE GANGE.

[*Continued from No. III.*]

SUCH was his ſituation of mind, when his two brothers, the abbe and the chevalier de Gange, came to reſide at his houſe. The elder of them, who was called the abbe de Gange, poſſeſſed an uncommon ſhare of underſtanding, with the malice and cunning of a friend. Violent, proud, and ambitious, he ſtudied to govern every one about him; in which, from his ſuperior abilities, he uſually ſucceeded too well. Having neither principles of honour or ſentiments of humanity, no conſiderations, no laws, either divine or human, could prevent his carrying any point on which he had once reſolved. Yet this diabolical ſpirit he had art enough to conceal, with the profoundeſt diſſimulation, or could aſſume the appearance of the moſt amiable, benevolent, and honeſt man in the world, while his heart was the receptacle of every vice that diſgraces human nature. He was not in order, but took the equivocal title of abbe, as being the next favorable to the indulgence of his licentious paſſions. The chevalier, whoſe underſtanding was below mediocrity, ſeemed born only to be directed by others; and the abbe, without his perceiving it, governed him entirely. Over the marquis alſo the abbe acquired the ſame aſcendancy. His eſtate and his family were ſoon given up to the management of this aſſiduous brother; who left him the name of maſter, but enjoyed all the power. The uncommon charms of the marchioneſs de Gange made an immediate and deep impreſſion on the heart of this bad man; nor did the conſideration of her being his brothers wife deter him a moment from forming deſigns upon her honor. Scorning to put any reſtraint on his inclinations, however unwarrantable, he determined to attempt ſeducing madame de Gange; and for this purpoſe, knowing the influence of gratitude on ſuch a heart as hers, he began by endeavouring to oblige her. He ſaw how uneaſily ſhe lived with his brother, who fatigued her inceſſantly with jealouſy and ill-humour—and the firſt uſe he made of his power over the marquis was, to induce him to alter his conduct towards his wife; of whom the abbe ſpoke ſo advantageouſly, that his jealouſy began to give place to thoſe ſentiments of eſteem and tenderneſs which he had at firſt felt for her. The marchioneſs, ſenſible of this change in her huſbands behaviour, gave way to the natural goodneſs and ſweetneſs of her diſpoſition, and forgot the harſh treatment ſhe had lately ſuffered; treatment which was on the point of changing her former attachment into a ſettled coldneſs, if not averſion. The abbe, however, did not intend that madame de Gange ſhould enjoy the ſatisfaction ſhe received from her huſband's returning affection, without knowing to whom ſhe owed it. As ſoon as an opportunity offered, he took care to tell her, that the marquis' preſent attention and kindneſs, was in conſequence of what he had ſaid in her favour—and he gave her at the ſame time to underſtand, that the heart of his brother was ſo entirely in his hands, that her treatment muſt depend wholly on him. Diſguſted at ſuch a declaration, the marchioneſs anſwered coolly, that ſhe thanked him.—The abbe was a good deal diſappointed at the reception ſhe gave him on this occaſion. He had flattered himſelf that ſhe would have accepted with more vivacity his proffered ſervices, and that, by firſt engaging her gratitude, he ſhould in time create in her breaſt warmer ſentiments in his favour. But though a man of abilities, ſuch as he poſſeſſed, who determines to make himſelf agreeable, and has ſuch continual opportunities of doing ſo, is above all others the moſt dangerous object a young woman can encounter; it happened that the diſlike, even bordering on antipathy, which madame de Gange had conceived, on the firſt ſight of the abbe, was an invincible obſtacle to his deſigns. Her manner towards him was civil, but ſo cold and diſtant, that he could very ſeldom find an opportunity to ſpeak to her apart.

And after ſome time, as he ſaw ſhe ſtudied to avoid him, and that all his aſſiduities made no impreſſion on her, he determined to ſpeak plainly, and to acknowledge his paſſion, in terms that ſhe could not miſunderſtand. The marchioneſs had engaged herſelf to paſs ſome days at the country reſidence of a friend.—Thither the abbe followed her, and as his converſation was extremely agreeable, he was received with pleaſure by the whole party.—He was uſually the life of whatever company he was in, and now he exerted himſelf to the utmoſt, and was more brilliant and entertaining than ever. A hunting party being propoſed, at which every gentleman was to attend on a lady, the abbe offered himſelf to eſcort madame de Gange; which ſhe accepted, with her uſual cool civility, as a matter of perfect indifference.—As ſoon as the company began to diſperſe in the woods, the abbe, who now ſaw the opportunity at hand that he had ſo long wiſhed for, led madame de Gange into the moſt unfrequented ſpot he could find, and then, with very little preface, made the confeſſions he had meditated—but ſo abruptly, and with expreſſions ſo ſtrong and ardent, that they inſpired madame de Gange with terror rather than pity—who turning pale with ſurpriſe and anger, could not immediately form any reply; while the abbe continued to declare himſelf with ſuch violence of manner, and in terms ſo unequivocal, that ſhe could not doubt his being very much in earneſt—and ſhe ſaw, that to endeavour to laugh it off, as ſhe would have done ſuch a declaration from a leſs reſolute lover, would have availed her nothing; aſſuming, therefore, an air more reſerved than before, ſhe ſaid—"I "will not, monſieur l'abbe, affect to miſunderſtand "you;—but you muſt know how I ought to re"ceive ſuch a confeſſion as you have preſumed to "make. Aſk your own heart, ſir, aſk your own "conſcience, what decency and duty ſhould urge "me to ſay to you—and ſpare me the pain of "holding a farther converſation on ſo odious a "ſubject."—The manner in which ſhe pronounced theſe words, made them infinitely more mortifying to the abbe, than the words themſelves. Stung to the ſoul, his diſſimulation entirely forſook him, and he freely anſwered—"Know you "not, madame, when you brave my vengeance "thus, that your fate is entirely in my hands? "Have you forgotten that it is in *my* power to "make you the moſt miſerable of women—and "that I will do ſo if you refuſe to hear to me? "In declining to return my paſſion, you riſk having your life embittered by the ſevereſt trials. "Love me, madam, ſuffer me at leaſt to hope "that you will, and all my power ſhall be dedi"cated to your happineſs and tranquility." The marchioneſs, ſtill making an effort to command her indignation, replied—"As you affect to love, "learn now to eſteem me. Be aſſured, monſieur "Pabbe, that the dread of thoſe evils worſe than "death, ſhall never induce me to commit a wick"ed action."—"But," added ſhe, as if to mortify him ſtill more; "If I were indeed capable of "ſuch weakneſs, you are the laſt man on earth "who could influence me to be guilty of it." So ſaying, ſhe rejoined her company, leaving the abbe overwhelmed with rage and confuſion. His pride ſo ſeverely humbled, his love hopeleſs, irritated him almoſt to madneſs; and, incapable with all his art of commanding his temper, while his heart was corroded by ſuch uneaſy ſenſations, he took a ſullen leave of the lady of the houſe, and returned in the evening to Avignon; nobody but madame de Gange being able to gueſs the cauſe of this ſudden acceſs of ill humour, which all his complaiſance and diſſimulation did not enable him a moment to diſguiſe.

(To be continued.)

For the LITERARY TABLET.

THE GOVERNMENT OF THE PASSIONS.

Nec enim libidine dominante temperantiæ locum eſſe, neque omnino voluptatis regno virtutem poſſe conſiſtere. CICERO.

Where paſſion reigns, temperance can have no place, nor can virtue be found, where pleaſure has dominion.

THE obſervations of Cicero ever merit our attention. If we view him as an orator, the elegance of his diction, the purity of his ſtyle, the harmony and brilliancy of his eloquence muſt delight;—if, as a philoſopher, his obſervations, replete with wiſdom and proceeding from an intimate acquaintance with human nature, muſt inſtruct. That which we have at preſent before us may afford a uſeful leſſon.

Man's paſſions uncontrouled would lead him to ruin, but regulated by reaſon, they will ſubſerve the nobleſt ends. The government of them is then of the higheſt conſequence, eſpecially to youth, as at that ſeaſon of life, they are more ardent, more liable to drive us into error. Moſt of the diſquietudes of life ariſe from the diſorders of the paſſions; it is therefore ſtill more neceſſary to bring them under proper ſubjection, that they may anſwer the valuable purpoſes for which deſigned, by giving us a higher reliſh for the innocent pleaſures of life, and influencing us to relieve the afflicted, and to promote the happineſs of ſociety.

We ſhould be careful to regulate them in reſpect to their objects and the degree to which we ſuffer them to riſe. As to the former, common ſenſe teaches us that, the directing of them to unworthy objects is criminal. With regard to the latter, we would obſerve, that violent emotions are never laſting, and while on the one hand, by going to extremes, we ſhould be deprived of permanent ſatisfaction, and more openly expoſed to the weapons of the envious and illiberal, ever willing to take advantage of our weakneſſes; ſo on the contrary, by a want of feeling, we ſhould neglect the enjoyments put into our hands. Hence we may determine that a medium is to be prefered.

Moderation is deſirable if on no other account, than that as we are here ſubject to almoſt continual diſappointments, our ſuffering on ſuch occaſions would be proportioned to our attachment for the object of our purſuit.—To man, ever anxious for ſuperiority, a victory over the paſſions muſt be highly grateful, nor is he fitted to govern others, who cannot govern himſelf.

The great inquiry of the human family is after happineſs. To obtain this, preſent enjoyments are relinquiſhed, dangers encountered, and pains endured. The courſes which men take in their purſuit of it, are as various as their opinions. To ſeek for it in the full gratification of our paſſions is but to take the moſt direct method of avoiding it.

Indulgence of appetite leads to ſatiety and diſguſt. Every draught which we take at the fountain of ſenſual pleaſure, tends to enervate the ſyſtem, to prevent the proper diſcharge of moral duties, to blunt the intellectual powers, and to unfit man for the enjoyment of the calm and rational pleaſures of ſocial union.

This conduct is alſo inconſiſtent with the dignity of our nature—We are not brutes, but rational agents. Let not man then grovel in the duſt, but aſpire to pleaſures of a more pure and exalted kind. He will find them, in the regulation of his conduct agreeably to moral rectitude, in the cultivation of his manners, ſo as to render himſelf and thoſe around him happy, in the improvement of his underſtanding, and government of his heart.

We have an immortal part, whoſe proſperity we ought to ſeek, and which only uprightneſs of conduct can inſure. Our own experience and reflection, the obſervations of the wiſeſt men in all ages aſſure us, and the word of God confirms us in the belief, that the unlimited gratification of our deſires is inconſiſtent with a life of virtue.

ORRA ELLENO.

CURIOUS FACT IN NATURAL HISTORY,

Reſpecting the Submerſion of Swallows.

[*By an American Gentleman of reſpectable character and unimpeached veracity; in a letter to a friend.*]

ON the afternoon of the 24th of Auguſt, 1798, I was ſitting in my parlour, which looks towards the North river, about fifty feet from the bank, in company with our mutual friend Mr. Jacob Sebor. Our attention was attracted by numerous flights of birds, which appeared to come acroſs the town from the eaſtward, and deſcend immediately into the river. So ſingular an appearance excited our particular obſervation. We went out, and ſtood cloſe to the bank, and then perceived that what we at firſt imagined to be blackbirds, were actually ſwallows; and that as ſoon as the various flocks had cleared the houſes, and got directly over the river, they plunged into the water, and diſappeared. This was not confined to the vicinity of the place where we ſtood, but was the caſe as far as the eye could reach, up and down the river, and continued without ceſſation for nearly two hours, when the cloſing of the evening prevented our farther obſervation.

Aware of the importance of affording any additional information on this long-diſputed queſtion in the natural hiſtory of the ſwallow, I procured a teleſcope, and watched attentively many of the flocks from their firſt appearance until their immerſion, continuing my eye fixed upon the ſpot long enough to be fully convinced that not one of the birds returned to the ſurface again. Indeed, one flock of about two hundred birds plunged into the water within thirty yards of us, and inſtantly diſappeared, without the leaſt appearance of oppoſition that might be expected to ariſe from their natural buoyancy; and, at the ſame time, the evening was ſo ſerene, and the river ſo unruffled, that no deception of our ſight could poſſibly have occurred.

When the birds firſt came in view, after croſſing the town, their flight was eaſy and natural; but when they deſcended near to the water, they appeared much agitated and diſtreſſed, flying in a confuſed manner againſt each other, as if the love of life, common to all animals, impelled them to revolt againſt this law of Nature impoſed upon their ſpecies.

It may be worthy of remark, that, as far as my obſervation went, the ſwallows totally diſappeared on the 24th of Auguſt, 1798; for during the remainder of that year I did not ſee one.

New-York, July, 1800. H. POLLOCK.

METHOD OF BOILING POTATOES.

[*From Count Rumford*]

THE potatoes ſhould be as much as poſſible of the ſame ſize, and the large and ſmall ones boiled ſeparately. They muſt be waſhed clean, and, without paring or ſcraping, put into a pot with cold water, not ſufficient to cover them, as they will themſelves produce, before they boil, a conſiderable quantity of fluid. They do not admit being put into a veſſel of boiling water, like greens. If the potatoes are tolerably large, it will be neceſſary, as ſoon as they begin to boil, to throw in ſome cold water, and occaſionally to repeat it till the potatoes are boiled to the heart (which will take from half an hour to an hour and a quarter, according to their ſize), they will otherwiſe crack and burſt to pieces on the outſide, whilſt the inſide will be nearly in a crude ſtate, and conſequently very unpalatable and unwholeſome. During the boiling, throwing in a little ſalt occaſionally is found to be a great improvement; and it is certain that the flower they are cooked the better.—When they are boiled, pour off the water, and evaporate the moiſture by replacing the veſſel in which the potatoes were boiled once more over the fire; this makes them remarkably dry and mealy. They ſhould be brought to the table with their ſkins on, and eat with a little ſalt, as bread.

ERRATUM. In 20th pa. 1ſt col. laſt word in 3d line of the 3d ſtanza from the top, read 'wife' inſtead of 'child.'

FOR THE TABLET.

TO MY FRIEND.

WHO so blithe as once was I ?
Heaven half its bliss did lend—
No tear, no heart-corroding sigh ;
For I had then a *Darling Friend.*

But Grief o'er all my soul was shed,
And every ray of joy decayed,
When o'er my *Darling Friend* was spread
Death's awful, ever-gloomy shade !

Ah ! then they called me sorrow's child,
And on my heart deep anguish fed ;
All nature was to me a child—
The *Lily* and the *Rose* were fled !

But hark ! some Angel whispers, " Peace !
" Heaven yet shall make a rich amend ;
" Shall bid the tide of trouble cease,
" And send another *Darling Friend.*"

The Angel points, and I obey,
And seek once more the Charming Fair ;
—Far from thy presence griefs all stray,
And purest pleasures wanton there !

R.

TO A FRIEND ON HIS MARRIAGE.

BY ROGERS.

ON thee, blest youth, a father's hand confers
The maid thy earliest, fondest wishes knew ;
Each fond enchantment of the soul is her's ;
Thine be the joys to firm attachment due.

As on she moves with hesitating grace,
She wins assurance from his soothing voice !
And with a look the pencil could not trace,
Smiles thro' her blushes and confirms the choice.

Spare the fine tremors of her feeling frame !
To thee she turns—forgive a virgin's fears !
To thee she turns with surest tenderest claim ;
Weakness that charms, reluctance that endears.

At each response the sacred rite requires,
From her full bosom bursts th' unbidden sigh,
A strange mysterious awe the scene inspires,
And on her lip the trembling accents die.

O'er her fair face what wild emotions play ?
What lights and shades in sweet confusion blend ?
Soon shall they fly, glad harbingers of day,
And settled sunshine on her soul descend.

Ah soon, thine own confest, extatic thought !
That hand shall strew each flinty path with flow'rs ;
And those blue eyes, with mildest lustre fraught,
Glad the calm current of domestic hours !

CHARACTERISTIC TRAITS OF GARRICK.

DAVID GARRICK, Esq. was in figure low, pleasing, manly, genteel, and elegant. He had every requisite to fit him for every character. His limbs were pliant, his features ductile and expressive, and his eyes quick, keen, and obedient, verfant to all occasions and places. His voice was harmonious, and could vibrate through all the modulations of sound—could thunder in passion—tremble in fear—dissolve into the softness of love, or melt into every mood of pity or distress. These liberal devices of Nature were ornamented by the most refined acquisitions of Art.—Music, dancing, painting, fencing, sculpture, gave him, each its respective graces. From these he borrowed his deportments, his attitudes, and his ease.

These were the powers with which he charmed and astonished the age, and with these powers he had all nature at his command. Every degree of age—every stage, scene, and period of life—from the hot and youthful lover, up to the lean and slippered Pantaloon—all were alike to him. At twenty-four, he could put on all the wrinkles of the greatest age—and at sixty, he wore in his appearance and action all the agility of buxom and wanton youth.—In heroes and princes, he assumed all the distant pride, the exalted manner, stately port of rank and royalty. He moved with dignity—spoke with dignity—acted with dignity. His Prince never interfered with his Peasant, nor his Peasant with his Gentleman. He had in his possession every key to the soul. He transported his hearers where he pleased. He was the master of the passions and turned them to his will. He waked them—swelled them—soothed them. He melted them into softness, or roused them into rage.—If he was angry ; so was you.—If he was distressed ; so was you.—If he was terrified ; so was you.—If he was mad ; so was you. He was an enchanter and led you where he pleased.

. . . . . " When he spoke,
" Each aged ear played truant at his tales,
" And younger hearings were quite ravished,
" So voluble was his discourse.——Gentle,
" As Zephyr blowing underneath the violet,
" Not waging its sweet head—yet as rough
" (His manly blood enchaf'd) as the rude wind
" That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
" And make it stoop to th' vale--'Twas wonderful !
" For if we take him but for all in all,
" We ne'er shall look upon his like again."

The purity of the English stage was certainly more fully established, during the administration of this theatrical minister, than it had ever been during preceding managements. He seems to have carried his modest, moral, chaste and pious principles with him into the very management of the theatre itself, and rescued performers from that obloquy which stuck on the profession. Of those who were accounted blackguards, unworthy the association of the world, he made gentlemen, united them with society, and introduced them to all the domestic comforts of life. The theatre was no longer esteemed the receptacle of every vice ; and the moral, the serious, the religious part of mankind, did not hesitate to partake of the rational entertainment of a play, and passed a cheerful evening, undisgusted with its licentiousness.

Mr. Garrick died on the 20th Jan. 1779, in the sixty-third year of his age, leaving no one rival in excellence upon earth to compensate for his loss.

Never was there a death so universally lamented. Men of genius of all kinds, emulated one another in testifying their sense of the public loss. All little animosities, jealousies and infirmities, were forgot. The disappointed author lost his enmity, the nibbling critic his rancour, and every little foible, selfish emotion, and narrow idea, with which he was loudly charged by those, perhaps who knew him best, or who knew him not at all, was steeped in *Lethe*. Perhaps, indeed, the vice of selfishness was the only one that stained this great man. It infected him in life, and governed him in death. It was expected he would have bequeathed a handsome part of that fortune which he had made in the theatre, to the *Theatrical Fund*, which he had himself established. Dying worth upwards of 100,000l. he left a property worth no more than a single 1000l. to that charity, and that was the only legacy bequeathed out of his own family. *(New Eng. Rep.)*

ANECDOTE OF CHARLES I.

OMENS, however founded upon, and connected with superstition and credulity, have, in almost every age, had some influence upon great minds, and great events. The following anecdote has a relation to the fate of our first Charles, who was so much under the influence of credulity, that he never enjoyed a days happiness after consulting the Sortes Virgilianæ.

Bernini, the famous Neapolitan statuary, made a bust of the king, which his majesty considered so exquisite a piece of workmanship, and so like him, that he was pleased to appoint a particular day for a select party of his friends to come and dine with him at Chelsea, where the royal residence then was ; and to enable his visitors the better to survey and examine the beauties of this chief d'oeuvre of art, the King commanded it to be exhibited upon a table of the garden, which was accordingly done ; and while the royal and noble company were in deep contemplation and admiration of this excellent performance, an hawk flew directly over their heads, with his prey in his talons, which he had just wounded to death.—Some *of the blood fell on the neck of the Royal Statue.* This unlucky circumstance very much disconcerted all present, one of whom, in hopes that the king did not notice it, and that he should be able to wipe away this cause of universal consternation, unperceived by his Majesty, endeavoured so to do several times, by wetting his handkerchief ; but alas ! every attempt was vain.

EPIGRAM.

TO John I ow'd great obligation,
But John unhappily thought fit
To publish it to all the nation :
Sure John and I are more than quit.

Beneficial Effects of a Taste for the BELLES LETTRES.

Belles Lettres and criticism chiefly consider Man as being endowed with those powers of taste and imagination, which were intended to embellish his mind, and to supply him with rational and useful entertainment. They open a field of investigation peculiar to themselves. All that relates to beauty, harmony, grandeur, and elegance ; all that can soothe the mind, gratify the fancy, or move the affections, belongs to their province. They present human nature under a different aspect from that which it assumes when viewed by other sciences. They bring to light various springs of action, which, without their aid, might have passed unobserved ; and which, though of a delicate nature, frequently exert a powerful influence on several departments of human life.

Such studies have also this peculiar advantage, that they exercise our reason without fatiguing it. They lead to enquiries acute, but not painful ; profound, but not dry nor abstruse. They strew flowers in the path of science ; and, while they keep the mind bent, in some degree, and active, they relieve it at the same time from that more toilsome labour to which it must submit in the acquisition of necessary erudition, or the investigation of abstract truth. *Blair.*

COMMUNICATION.

From an old Centinel.

DE LEGE.

A Lawyer once, (I now forget his name,)
Boston, no doubt, has many like the same,
Could not, or would not SIGN his office door,
Pretending *Court-street* had not room for more,
And, PRUDENTLY, this money—leak to stop,
On moderate terms took half a Turner's shop ;
Where, *most expressively* for *both* appear,
" *All kinds of turn'd and twisted work done here.*"

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